

The Voyageur

1967-8









**THE VOYAGEUR
VOLUME XLI**

**PICKERING COLLEGE
NEWMARKET
ONTARIO**

**Edited and Published
by
The Staff and Students
of Pickering College,
Newmarket, Ontario**

Editorial Staff

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DR. GEORGE CASE.

*To George E. Case, M.D.,
our school physician from 1938
to 1967, a good friend of the
staff and students of Pickering
College, this edition of the
Voyageur is affectionately
dedicated.*



Harry M. Beer

A Personal Word To The Students

*Teach me, O lord, the way of thy statutes;
And I shall keep it unto the end.
Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.
Make me to go in the path of thy commandments;
For therein do I delight.
Incline my heart unto thy testimonies;
And not to covetousness.
Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,
And quicken me in thy ways.
Confirm thy word unto thy servant.
Let thy mercies also come unto me, O Lord.
Even thy salvation, according to thy word.
And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth;
For I have hoped in thy judgments.
So shall I observe thy law continually,
For ever and ever.
And I will walk at liberty.*

Psalm 119.

Are we losing our right to walk at liberty? The events of these turbulent years: wars, riots, violence and assassinations must cause a young man like yourself to wonder what freedom really is and how it can be attained. It seems to us at Pickering that the Psalmist has the answer to these questions so essential to man's survival. His belief that freedom exists only under law is a difficult concept to learn and to teach. No doubt he means moral or spiritual law, for man's love of good for himself and his fellows makes moral and spiritual demands on him which must in turn be reflected in his legal statutes.

The philosophy of our school, given to us by the Society of Friends, has always been based on the belief that adolescents know how to handle freedom or can learn how to handle it. Here we want to have confidence and trust in youth. There are times when youth abuses such trust, perhaps believing that freedom means the right to do anything one wants, to have one's own way, no matter what the cost. Some children grow up into adolescence and into adulthood with this same misunderstanding, slow to learn that our personal freedom ends where it infringes upon the freedom of another individual or harms the freedom of the group — whether it be family, friends, school or country. It is here that law and religion meet, our law commanding us to respect the rights of others and our faith making us realize that we should do unto others as we would that they do unto us.

Now, the happiest groups, the most civilized communities, are those inspired by an understanding of law, rather than by fear of the law and its punishment. Such a community we want Pickering College to be. Here the wise and mature student does his best, not because he fears punishment or restriction of privilege, but because he wants the freedom and self-respect that come from doing his best.

(Cont'd on page eight)



STAFF

Back Row: A.H. Jewell, B.N. Forhan, E.M. Veale, H.M. Beer, D.J. Menard, J.R. Leach.

Middle Row: R.M. Manion, K.G. McLaren, J. Leightell, R.M. Mucy, B. Racicot.

Front Row: J.D. Purdy, J.D. Jefferson, S.K. Fraser, M. Fish, W.H. Jackman.

(Cont'd from page seven)

It is said that primitive man's first step towards civilization came when the tribe sat down in a circle and allowed one man to speak at one time. Freedom to learn in a classroom means therefore a respect for order, which means in turn a respect for the rights of others to learn under proper conditions. The same thoughts may be turned to other aspects of our life together. You have the right to a quiet environment for evening study, you have the right to expect that the rules of a game are observed, you have the right to the peace and calm of your own room without disturbance, you have the right to the ownership of your own personal possessions, you have the right to expect that a fellow student will enhance the name of your school and not degrade it. Those who do not respect these rights of yours and mine destroy our freedom and eventually their own. When they learn to understand freedom, they will realize that it means, far from just having their own way, liberty within the law and that law means a respect for the rights of others.

In other words, freedom and responsibility are two sides of the same coin, indispensable to one another, forever bound together, if one is destroyed, both are destroyed. But, remember, if you can understand this problem through love of freedom rather than through fear of law, you will be able to hold your head high as a free man. Then you will truly walk at liberty.

Harry M. Beer.

Student Editorial

Our life at Pickering helps us develop a strong feeling of loyalty to our school. This is probably because our school is small and we get to know one another extremely well, sharing closely a common experience in classes, games, corridor life and in many student activities. Because this is done with a close relationship between students and masters, we begin to feel very much like a big family. The opportunity we have to get to know our teachers has considerable influence on us. Even when we do not agree with them, we remain conscious of the standards they hold out for us. For those of us who come to Pickering from large schools, it is this personal touch which awakens a very real desire in us to do our best. Gradually the regular evening study and the weekly gradings help us begin to see where we are heading academically.

High goals are set for us by Pickering, goals which sometimes we ignore, but which deep in our hearts we know to be the right ones for us. This is true in our academic pursuits, but perhaps even more important it is true in our relations with those around us. Because we live at close quarters, we have an excellent chance of gaining an intimate understanding of human nature and, whether we like it or not, we are often obligated to place the best interests of the group before our personal wishes. Indeed, the emphasis our school puts on the need for service to others is the greatest lesson we can learn from our years on the Hilltop. The essence of Pickering's teaching is that we must be trained to the best of our ability so that we can then make a contribution to our own generation. Here at Pickering we have learned to "revere 'the ideals and sacred things of the City'". Let us take them with us and keep them with us in the years ahead.



*Back Row: Eric Ferguson, Jan Devantier, Pierre Maillard, Jim Wright.
Front Row: Jim French, Michael Peet.*

Tutors

The tutors this year were a great help in organising and carrying out our year at Pickering. Several had developed close relationships with the groups of boys with whom they worked.

In Firth House were: Jim Wright, Mike Peet, and Eric Ferguson. In Rogers House were: Jan Devantier, Jim French, and Pierre Maillard, who came from France.

We sincerely appreciate the long hours these men gave to our school and the willingness with which they cooperated to make it a better year for all, students and staff.



Seated: John Pickering, David Hutchins, David Veale, Kevin Sloan, Rob Small,
 Standing: Mr. Robert Forhan, Malcolm MacNeil, Bruce Morgan, Ron Veitch,
 Mr. Beer.

Student Committee

This year the student committee has worked hard as a group to help make life easier at the college.

It has been proven by them, what a little organization can do to make an interesting year for all.

The big thing was the dances held in the fall, winter and spring which were all quite successful.

Those who contributed and served on the committee were David Veale, Bruce Morgan, Rob Grant, John Pickering, Malcolm MacNeil, Hector Arias, Rob Small, David Hutchins, Kevin Sloan, Ron Veitch.

A thank-you to Mr. Forhan for helping out as a go-between at staff meetings.

Malcolm MacNeil.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with sorrow that we announce the deaths during the past year of Sanford King and Rudy Renzius who both served the College so faithfully for many years. Sanford King was Superintendent of the College Farm from 1928 to 1957. Because of his skill and dedication our farm became one of the most efficient and productive in this area. The College will long be indebted to him. Rudy Renzius was our Director of Arts and Crafts from 1935 until his retirement in 1960. Artist, craftsman and teacher he was beloved by many Pickering students. In Joe McCulley's words. "he created beauty and taught others to share it—what man can do more?"

Graduating Class



HECTOR ARIAS

Hector has been active in both the "30 Club" and the senior soccer team. His interests are deeply involved in the circle of photography and he hopes to further his interest by taking advantage of a course offered at Ryerson.

GREGORY DOPULOS

Greg has spent six wonderful years at Pickering. This year he has been active in hockey and soccer. Being an outstanding member of the track team, he successfully set new records for the 100 & 200 yd. dashes. He hopes to enter Medicine at a university in the States.



ROB GRANT

Rob was involved with the "30 Club", the senior football team and the senior hockey team of which he was captain. Being on the Student Committee, Rob found himself in a position of having to have more maturity and responsibility. After two years which he has spent at Pickering, he hopes to take Engineering at Ryerson.



PAUL HUNTER

Paul came here early in September and soon fitted into the ways of life here with ease. He participated in the football, tennis and curling teams. He wishes to fulfil his hopes of taking Landscape Architecture at Guelph University next year.



DAVID HUTCHINS

David is an unusual boy of many talents. He came to us 2 years ago at Christmas after taking leave of his quintet, the Whisky Sours. He was vice-chairman of the Student Committee, was on the Senior football and hockey teams, and participated in the "30 Club". He hopes to take a course in Fine Arts at Sir George Williams University in Montreal.



GORD KEENAN

Gord came to us from up North. We all thought him rather shy and reserved until he began his interminable interpretations of famous people, not the least of which, Clark Kent, he did to perfection. He plans to go to the Lake Head University and major in Physical Education.



DAVID LePAGE

David spent 5 years on the hilltop. He was on the Senior hockey and football teams and also was a member of the Rooters' Club. He hopes to enter General Arts at Waterloo next year.

JAMES LEWIS

This has been Jim's first year here. He is interested in music and has taken up drumming. He has participated in the football team and as of yet is not definite in his plans for the future.



DOUGLAS MacLEOD

Doug has only been at Pickering for one year. He played football, basketball and tennis. He enjoyed being involved in the activities of the "30 Club" and the South House Recreation Club. He hopes to go to University next year but is not definite in his choice.



MALCOLM MacNEIL

Malcolm spent four successful years at the College and was involved in Senior football and hockey teams as well as the Polikon Club. He also took part in the Drama Club and the Student Committee. He plans to continue his education either at Western or Teachers' College in Ottawa.



ROBERT McBEAN

In his first year here, Robert has been in the "30 Club", Recreation Club, the first hockey and football teams. His hobby is skiing and through a hard earned effort he has proved himself very successful in this field. He hopes to take up Geological Engineering at Queen's next year.



BRUCE MORGAN

Bruce has spent a marvelous six years at Pickering and is now firmly acquainted with the ways of Pickering College life. Being an active sportsman from the North country, he has involved himself with football, hockey, and the track team. He was an active member in the "30 Club" and also formed part of the Student Committee. He will be attending Waterloo Lutheran University where he will continue his studies in a Business Administration Course.



ROBERT REID

Robert has spent two enriching years at Pickering. He involved himself in conditioning, baseball, and was an excellent manager of the first football team. Next year he hopes to take advantage of the four year Honour Business Administration course offered at Waterloo Lutheran University.

ROB RENOUF

Rob came to us at Christmas last year and played on the football, hockey and tennis teams. Being an energetic debater, he enjoyed the times spent in the Polikon Club. His future plans are to extend his education in the direction of Business and Commerce at Saint Mary's University in Halifax.



STEVEN SEATH

After spending six years on the hilltop, Steven will be leaving this year. He took part in curling, baseball and the second year involved himself in the drama productions. Next year he hopes to study Chemical Engineering at the University of Toronto.



KEVIN SLOAN

Kevin was on the Student Committee and took part in the festivities of the "30 Club" as well as being on the staff of the "Quaker Cracker". He was an active sportsman and was active in most of the sports offered at Pickering in the last two years. He leaves the four pillars behind and his path will take him through the doors of St. Mary's where he will study Business Administration.



CRAIG SMITH

After spending several years at Pickering, Craig has decided to go on to greater things in Ontario's Northland. Hailing from Gravenhurst, Craig often filled us in on the worth of life in the out-of-doors. A sort of modern Thoreau.



JOHN VANSTONE

John came here for grades 11, 12, and 13. He played center for the senior hockey team as well as playing quarterback for the football team.



DAVID VEALE

David has spent a long seven years at Pickering and will be leaving us with many heart-warming memories of his days here. During his last year here he was president of the Student Committee and also involved himself with the football, hockey and tennis teams. He will be going on to a respected seat of learning at the University of Toronto.

ROD YOUNG

During his two year stay Rod took part in football, track and field and basketball. Other activities included an active part in the Rooters Club. He has set his sights on the Faculty of Forestry at the University of Toronto which he hopes to attend next year.





GRADE 12

- Front Row: Ian Kert, Doug Langille, Earl Gorman, Richard Smith, Richard Walker, John Pickering.
- Second Row: Hector Arias, Greg Dopulos, Rob Renouf, Bruce Hamer, Craig Smith.
- Third Row; Bruce MacNeil, Paul Weisberg, Bruce Lane, Ron Veitch, Phil McMichael, Jim Wright, Rob Small.
- Fourth Row; David Hutchins, Pete Allan, Jim Brown, Brian Worrall, Ed Rynard.



GRADE 11

- Front Row; Paul Mendelson, Gord Schlegel, Wayne Smith, Dane Burton, Lorne Hooper, Ken Coulter, David Cornell.
- Second Row; Jim Gamble, Jerry King, Joe Harwood, Tom Lanier, Paul Bennett, Chris Rogers.
- Third Row; Mike Hanley, Brian Reynolds, René Watson, Alan Critchley, Bob Hogarth.
- Fourth Row; Peter Eakin, Tim Syers, Bill Bigelow, John Jensen, Bruce Cadman.



GRADE 10

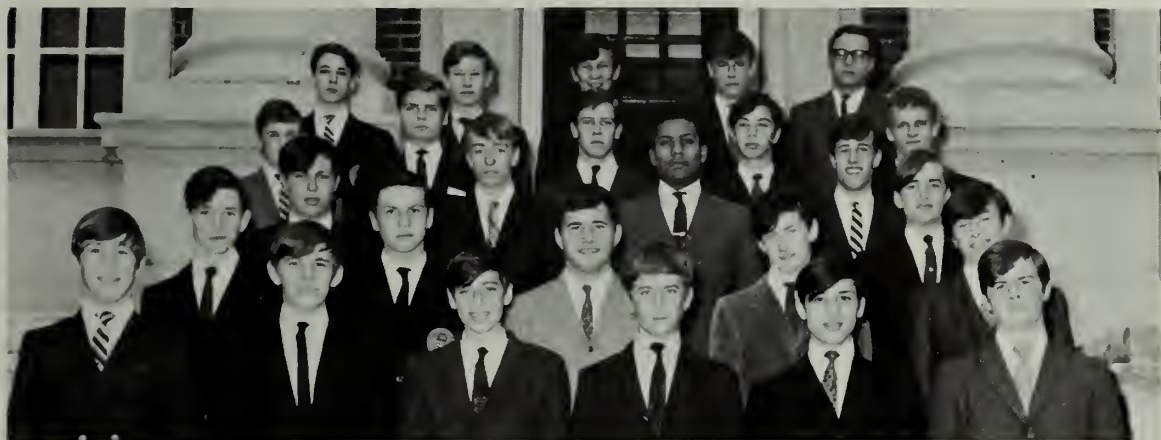
Front Row; John McClintock, Frank Yang, Fraser Smith, Guy McLaughlin, Gary Crawford, John Shemilt.

Second Row; Danny Cohen, Fred Stonehouse, Sam Charters, Brian Labbett, Peter Upton, Steve Reindorf.

Third Row: Stew MacDonald, Bill Gower, Peter Ampleford, Steve Younker, Don Macintosh, Tony Donaldson.

Fourth Row: John Riffel, Manfred Rohr, Geof Kinnear, Chuck Barton, Robert Milne.

Fifth Row: Phil Allan, Nixon Apple, Bill Kostman, Peter Hiscox.



GRADE 9

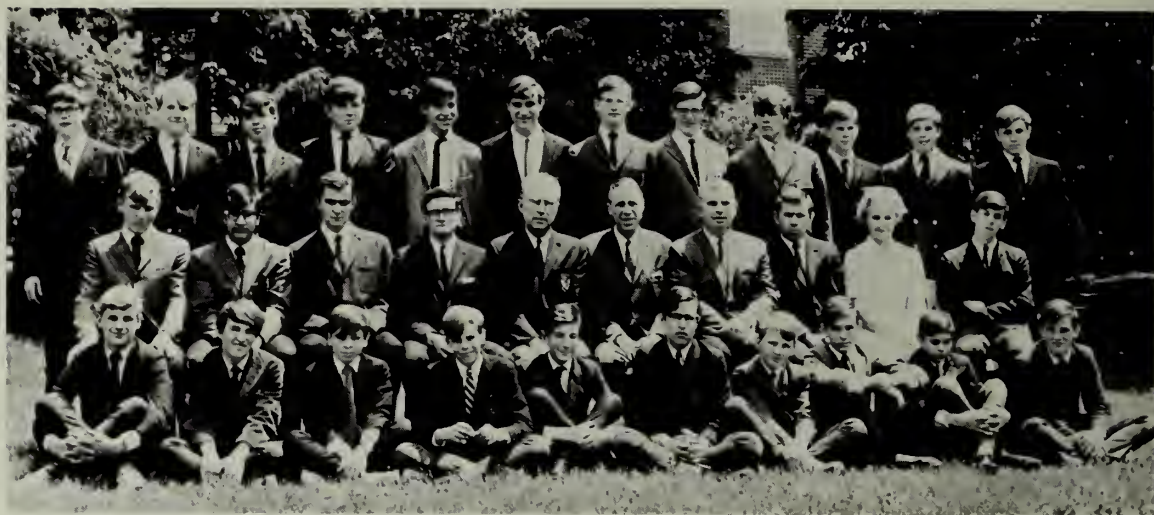
Front Row: Tyler Levitt, Chris Elton, Bradley Brown, Mike Dawson, Rod Lawson, Doug McKenzie.

Second Row: Ralph Olive, Doug Beattie, Frank Anderson, Robert Murray, Chris Jarvis.

Third Row: Charlie Henderson, Robert Dingwall, Derek Houghton, John Foss, Daryl Gurney.

Fourth Row: Charles Scott, Gordon Downey, Andy Fasken, Pepe Rosillo, Peter Jack.

Fifth Row: Tim Waterous, Wally Ducharme, Jon Savan, Bill Kenny, Peter Vasoff.



Preparatory Department

W.H. Jackman, B.A., M.Ed., Director
 R.M. Mucy
 Mike Peet

A.H. Jewell, Housemaster
 Eric Ferguson
 Jim Wright

Those of us who were returning to the Prep for a second year were naturally curious to find out who would be in the department this year and where they came from. While most of them were from Toronto, some boys came from places such as Midland, St. Thomas, Windsor, London, Chatham, Montreal, Thornhill, Ottawa and even Newmarket. Later in the year a boy came from Sarnia and another from Martinique in the Caribbean. One of the tutors came from Toronto, one from the Lakehead, and one from Geraldton. We made an interesting group and learned much just by living together. We all live in Firth House, along with some grade niners, above Mr. Jewell in his apartment, and Miss Forsyth in her infirmary.

Shortly after the term began, on a rainy Thursday, we went on our first trip, to Black Creek Pioneer Village. We arrived there after about an hour's ride. A guide escorted us to the first building which was the barn, where an elderly man talked and explained about the tools the settlers used, such as the harrow, sickle, plough, pitch fork, broad-axe and broadcaster. From here we went to see some houses, the first a three-room cabin, the others becoming larger and better-equipped as we moved along. In one of them we saw a woman using a spinning-wheel. Then we went on to a mill where they grind wheat. Near the mill was a little schoolhouse that had contained eight grades in one room. To us this seemed very small. To end the trip all of us went to the lunch counter where we bought all sorts of things to eat.

Our next trip was a hayride. One afternoon Mr. Jackman took us down to the barn and introduced us to Mr. Howarth, the farm manager. Mr. Howarth talked to us about the farm and told us a great deal about raising cattle and operating a farm. Then he took us for a hayride all around the farm, showing us the places we should and should not go, and telling us of the things we should and should not do, if we were to have the privilege of enjoying our school farm. We all thought it was a good afternoon and we had a lot of fun. Since then we have spent much of our free time down there and most of the time we have kept out of mischief.

Every once in a while the boys put out a little newspaper called the "Pickering Prep Press". In it you will find stories about our school its people and what goes on around it. Mr. Jackman tells us that the Press has been published periodically since 1940. Almost every boy writes articles to be published. In fact, this account of the Preparatory Department was written in a similar manner by many boys writing articles on various topics which were then combined.

At Christmas time the boys of the Prep had two parties, one given by the Headmaster and the other by Mr. Jackman. At both we had a wonderful time, a good snack and delicious punch. In June we had a party with Mr. Jewell as the chef. We had hot-dogs, potato chips, drinks, cookies and ice cream which we all enjoyed very much. That was the final party of the year.

Despite the injuries and suspensions we had a fairly successful hockey season due to good coaching by Mr. Mike Peet and Mr. James Wright. Our team won four games, lost four games and tied two, which is a good record for a small school. We travelled to various cities and towns to play St. Andrews, Upper Canada, The Grove in Lakefield near Peterborough, Appleby College in Oakville, Hillfield in Hamilton, and St. Georges in Toronto. Crescent School and some of the others came to play us in Newmarket. Our regular players were: Lush, Spadafora, Fraser, Zakoor, Lockhart, Grimshaw, Beal, Hammond and Peterson. The goal-tending was done by McWilliams and Westra. The spares who played one or more games were Pottruff, Shipley, Fish, Packham and Aiken.

Another winter sport was skiing. Some of us skied on the farm on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. We made a ski-jump. Gary McWilliams went over the jump and landed on his head. There were some trips to Honey Pot for skiing where we had a lot of fun. On Valentine's Day Leonard Connelly had an accident and broke both his legs. By the first of June he was just learning how to walk again.

Early in the fall we began practising soccer. Mr. Mucy and Mr. Leach coached us. We played a number of games with schools such as Appleby and Lakefield which were some distance away, and some with St. Andrews. "A" team lost all their games except one which they tied, while "B" team did win one. However, we enjoyed them all and we enjoyed the bus trips.

Our next bus trip was the trip to the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in Toronto at the Coliseum in the Exhibition Grounds. We broke up when we got there after arranging to meet at a certain spot and at a suitable time for the return trip. We saw cows, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry as well as such things as tractors, automobiles and farm implements. Back at the school we had a discussion about the things we saw.

On Saturday nights the Prep boys are allowed to go to downtown Newmarket to see the movies. They work very hard and are on their best behaviour to earn this extra privilege because sometimes if we do something wrong we lose this privilege and are not allowed to go to the movies. During the winter we sometimes had the choice of going to the movies or skating. Some of the pictures we saw were "In the Heat of the Night", "The Taming of the Shrew", and "A Man for All Seasons".

We have a house committee in Firth House. They work with the staff to solve problems concerning the house and help make decisions in some areas of activity. They do things such as collecting skates from the hockey team and taking them downtown to be sharpened. Each one of the five members is associated with one of the masters and acts as an assistant to him on duty days. When school first opened the staff chose five returning boys to act as House Committee until Thanksgiving. They chose five boys who had been here the year before. They were Gary Peterson, chairman, Jim Lush, David Pottruff, Tom Shipley and Bob Spadafora. We then had elections at Thanksgiving, Christmas and after the spring holiday. The next three committees were:

Gary Peterson, chairman	Jim Lush, chairman	Jim Lush, chairman
Scott Hammond	Scott Hammond	Simon Fraser
Jim Lush	Bill Packham	Scott Hammond
Dave Pottruff	Dave Pottruff	Bob Spadafora
Bob Spadafora	Bob Spadafora	Richard Zakoor

Early in the fall term, based on daily work, boys were chosen to be placed on the Headmaster's List. This list gives recognition for those boys who receive honour gradings in a majority of their subjects, or they may be placed on the list for putting forth a great deal of effort in their school work even though their grades may not be particularly high providing they have had no failures. During the year Gray McWilliams, Tom Shipley, Norman Beal, Jonny Diamond, Simon Fraser, Jim Moses, Bob Spadafora and Richard Zakoor had the honour of seeing their names on this list, some of them a number of times.

Mr. Leach who teaches us arts and crafts, also teaches us literature and composition. One day he got tired of the classroom routine and decided to do something different. In class we discussed what to do. At first we thought of putting on a play but changed our minds when one boy suggested they we try to make a film. The subject chosen was "A Day in the Life of Firth House". Mr. Leach was the producer and the boys in grades seven and eight were the actors. The first film dealt with what goes on in Firth House after "lights out".

This film did not turn out very well so we tried another. This one showed grade eight pupils sneaking outside during class time to romp and play. We enjoyed making those films and will long remember them.

In the spring at Pickering we play baseball. The Prep had two teams which they called the "Jets" and the "Sharks". Although the Jets put up a good fight as a rule, the Sharks managed to win all of the games.

Another spring activity at Pickering is the Quaker Relays when this year forty-eight different schools took part. Gary Peterson of the Prep was on one of the teams.

All the boys at Pickering are divided into four teams for intra-mural games. Each of the teams is again divided into Midget, Bantam, Junior, Intermediate and Senior. The Prep of course are Midget and Bantam as a rule. These teams compete throughout the year in the off-seasons such as after soccer and before hockey. Most of the games are played in the gym. Sports Day in May is the final day for intra-murals when parents and friends are invited to watch an afternoon of track and field events. Some of the Preps were proud to know that they had helped to make the Red team become the winner for the year.

This year some boys whose work was good enough throughout the year did not have to write final examinations in some subjects. Of course, exams are easy providing you study for them.

Just before the examinations we had the final official event of the year, the closing dinner. After good food and good speakers a number of awards were made. Terry Fish, Jody Grimshaw, Scott Hammond, Bill Packham, Gary Peterson, Dave Pottruff, Tom Shipley, Bob Spadafora and Richard Zakoor received their Prep athletic colour awards. Other important awards were made, the most important one to us was the Rogers Cane which is given to the boy who, the staff feel, contributed most to the community living in Firth House. This year it was awarded to Robert Spadafora.

Meeting For Worship

CHAPEL

It has long been a tradition that our Sunday evening services are the very core of life at Pickering. Every one is expected to attend them. They are non-denominational, or perhaps it would be better to say that they contain a bit of all denominations.

It has been well said that religion is a way of life. At our services we hear the Headmaster, members of the staff and School Committee members discuss life at Pickering as they think it ought to be. Sometimes we have ministers, rabbis, priests and laymen come in and speak to us.

Most of our services take place in the Meeting Room but occasionally we meet around the fire-place in the dining-room, usually to listen to some one from outside the school.

This year there were a number of guest speakers. We had an Old Boy, Dr. William Oille, speak on **Responsibility** at the New Boys' Service. James Cunningham, Chaplain to Hart House, spoke on **World Brotherhood** at our United Nations Service. We had Ray Wylie speak on **Two Canadians in China**. Gordon Hawkins of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs spoke on **The Canadian Image Abroad**. Lastly, David Beer talked about **The Canadian University Service Overseas**.

Members of the School Committee spoke as follows: David Veale, **In Pursuit of Excellence**; David Hutchins, **The Cornerstone**; Hector Arias, **The Brotherhood of Pickering College**; John Pickering, **What You Owe to Your School**; Rob Small, **The Need for Honesty**; Rob Grant, **Pickering as a Community**; Malcolm MacNeil, **Are We Really With It?** and Kevin Sloan, **The Missing Link**.

Members of the staff who spoke this year, and their topics were: Mr. Veale, **One Day to Live**; Mr. McLaren, **Difficulties, Generators of Maturity**; Mr. Manion, **The Elusive Butterfly of Happiness**; Mr. Jackman, **A School on a Hill**; and Mr. Fraser, **An Open Window on the Hilltop**.

The Headmaster, of course, took many services including the first service, the Christmas service, the New Year's service, and the final, or Closing service, and spoke on the following topics: **The Great Commandment, Great Religions, What the Future Holds for You, Prayer, And I Will Walk at Liberty, Three Ideals, Political Ideals in America, and In Trust**.

Truly, our Sunday evening services do give us a wide range of ideas and ideals with which we may develop a way of life.



Senior Football

Front Row: David Hutchins, John Vanstone, Chris Chant, Bruce Morgan, Bob McBean, Kevin Sloan, John Pickering, Rob Grant, Ed Rynard, Malcolm MacNeil, Jim French.

Second Row: Mr. Menard, Coach, Jim Lewis, John Jensen, Rod Young, Doug McLeod, Paul Hunter, Peter Kelsick, John Proctor, David Veale, Jim Brown, Rob Small, Bob Reid, Mr. Beer.

Football 1967 – 68

The Senior Football Team was aiming for another G.B.S.S.A. title, but due to inexperience and injuries to key players, had to relinquish its championship plaque.

At the beginning of the season, team spirit was extremely high which resulted in two successive wins against Upper Canada and Stouffville. Saint Andrews, our hardest hitting opponents squeaked out a win with a touchdown on the last play of the game. Our games against Hillfield and Ridley showed Pickering ball control and brought victory to the Silver and Blue. Both games against Lakefield were tough ones, with Lakefield winning. Our final game and biggest disappointment of the season was against a strong Uxbridge team.

The players would like to extend their deepest thanks to coaches Mr. Menard and Mr. French for their long hours of teaching us the ways of football.

Kevin Sloan

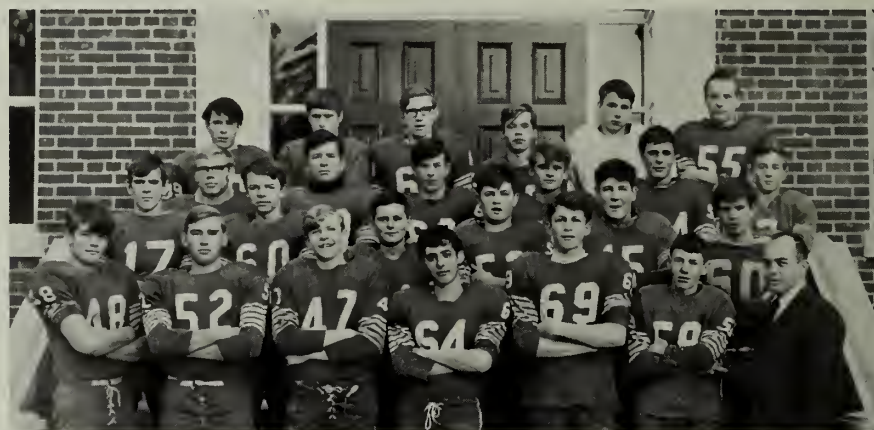


Second Football

Front Row: Bruce MacNeil, Frank Anderson, Rob Renouf, Ron Veitch, Phil McMichael, Peter Allan.

Second Row: Alan Critchley, Steve Reindorf, Bob Milne, Brian Labbett, Bruce Hamer, Bob Hogarth, Rick Walker.

Third Row: Tom Murphy, Craig Smith, Peter Hiscox, Paul Mendelson, Ron Green, Mr. Jefferson, Coach.



Third Football

Front Row: Gary Peterson, Pete Upton, Tom Lanier, Paul Bennett, Chuck Barton, Dane Burton, Mr. Racicot, Coach.

Second Row: Nixon Apple, John Riffel, Fred Stonehouse, Stew MacDonald, Phil Allan, Doug Baker.

Third Row: Peter Ampleford, Tony Donaldson, Chris Jarvis, Peter Jack, Steve Younker, Mike Dawson.

Fourth Row: Fraser Smith, Bill Gower, Wally Ducharme, Gary Crawford, Jon Savan, Peter Vasoff.

THE SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM

Although the season was far from successful for the team a great effort was put forth in every game. Against Upper Canada College, twice, we drove them to their one yard line, but we just couldn't get the pigskin over.

At St. Andrew's College even when the weather was against us every boy was on his feet cheering our team on.

During the season, the many long strenuous hours of practice showed up in our offence and defense. At Hillfield their defense had us backed all the way to our one yard line when the quarterback threw a pass and run play that gave our team our second touchdown. We went on to win that game thirty to nothing.

A major part of our win at Hillfield was due to the great quarterbacking of Pete Hiscox. However, he was ably defended by the line of Joe Harwood, Al Critchley, Bob Milne, Craig Smith and Bruce MacNeil. This line played defence also.

The pass receivers were Rich Walker, Pete Allan, Tom Murphy, Dan Davis, Bill Kenny and Paul Mendelson. The half-backs were Derek Houghton, Bruce Hamer and Brian Labbett.

Our defensive squad often bore a striking resemblance to our offensive squad since they were virtually the same men. Bob Hogarth, Ron Veitch and Ron Green made their presence known whenever an opposition player tested their area of responsibility. Injuries kept Derek Houghton, Ron Veitch and Phil McMichael sidelined most of the season, but Frank Anderson, Steve Reindorf and Chuck Barton filled in whenever they were needed.

The team can only be thankful to Mr. Jefferson for his coaching and Gord Keenan, our Manager, for their great help in the season's games.

The Second Football's season can easily be summed up by the saying "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game".

Joe Harwood

THE THIRD FOOTBALL TEAM

Co-captains Paul Bennett and Nixon Apple headed Pickering's most productive autumn sports team. St. Andrew's College was our first victim. Pete Ampleford's brilliant kick-off return of 78 yards for a touchdown and our tough defence led the way for a 9-7 win. A good Lakefield team, sent us down to two defeats 42-0 and 25-1. Newmarket fell for Apple's end run for a major and a safety touch added by the defence made it 8-0. Our only other defeat of the year came at the hands of Appleby 28-7. It is interesting to note that they had six touchdowns called back due to penalties. In the mudbowl, with the field covered in snow, water and dirt, Aurora lost 19-7. In this game, half-back Gary Peterson led the way with his powerful running attack which completely demoralized the opposition. Newmarket lost again 19-1 with a key pass to Wally Ducharme providing six big points.

(Cont'd on page thirty)

Twenty-nine



Senior Soccer

Front Row: Boyd Atchison, Guy McLaughlin, Gord Schlegel, Jim Wright, Ken Coulter, Scott Lane, Greg Dopulos, Ian Kert.

Second Row: Jan Devantier, Coach, John McCammon, Monty Bourke, Jim Gamble, Brian Worrall, John Winter, David LePage, Wayne Smith, Mr. Beer.

Senior Soccer Team

In the year of 1967-68, the Senior Soccer Team came under the direction of Mr. Jan Devantier who acted as coach. The manager, Ian Kert, found himself in the position of responsibility for the team, and did his best on providing the best facilities which were available. As it turned out, the teams most valued players proved to be Hector Arias and Greg Dopulos. Advantage was taken of the fine opportunity presented to us to visit various other campuses such as in Aurora and Stouffville, in order to play opposing teams.

At the end of the season, however, there proved to be better teams than ours and as a result our final position was not in the winner's circle. However, the opportunity to play this year was more valuable than becoming "all-star" champions, as it taught us the credibility of good sportsmanship and how to play together as a team.

Ian Kert

(Third Football Team cont'd)

Our last game of the season was a return match with Aurora where they again were defeated; this time 33-0. Tom Lanier with sixteen points; Gary Crawford's two pass interceptions, Paul Bennett's 65 yard fumble return, and an Apple to Chuck Barton pass-and-run play which covered 90 yards for a major highlight of the game.

Thanks to great team spirit and the coaching of Mr. Bruce Racicot; the ex St. Francis Xavier great; our team had a most productive and enjoyable season.



Second Soccer

Front Row: Brad Brown, Mike Hanley, Rene Watson, Lorne Hooper.

Second Row: Brian Reynolds, Tim Syer, Pat McNally.

Third Row: Chris Rogers, Doug McKenzie, John Shemilt, Charlie Burton, Mr. Leightell, Coach.



Third Soccer

Front Row: Eric Ferguson, Coach, Glenn Godden, John McClintock, Jon Foss, Robert Dingwall, Dan Cohen, Mr. Fraser, Coach.

Second Row: David Cornell, John Casserly, Don Macintosh, Doug Beattie.

Third Row: Geof Kinnear, Jon Savan.



Fourth Soccer

Front Row: Mr. Jackman, Chris Elton, David Pottruff, Ralph Olive, Scott Hammond, Simon Fraser.

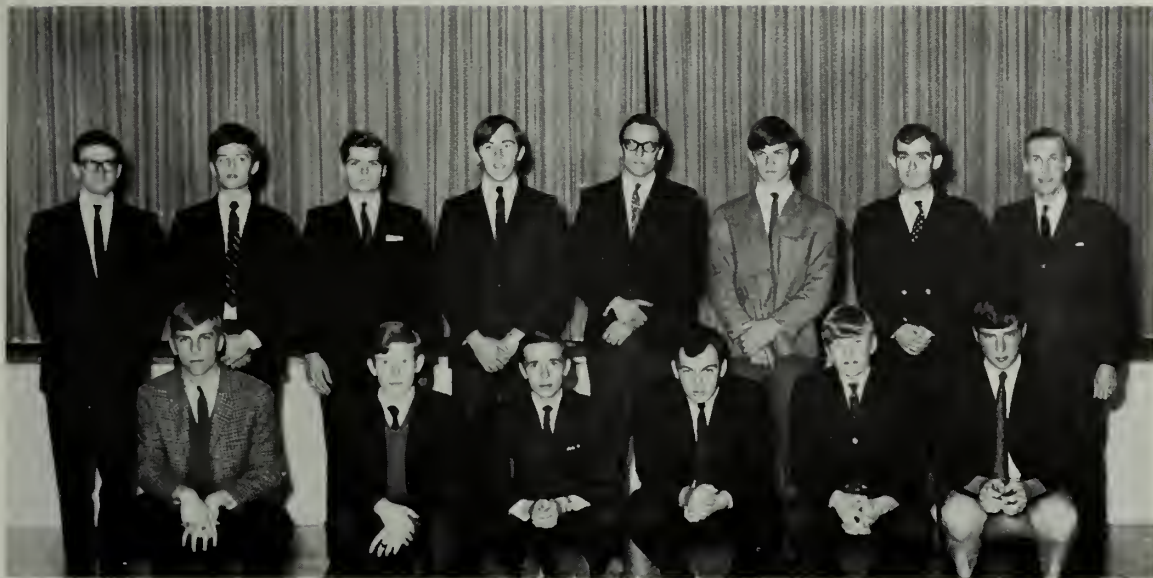
Second Row: Brad Johnstone, Richard Zakoor, Bill Packham, Jim Lush, Rob Spadafora, Daryl Gurvey, Mr. Mucy, Coach.



Prep Soccer

Front Row: Monty Sheriff, Terry Fish, Paul Kline, Hugh Lockhart, Kenny Corrigan, Jon Diamond.

Second Row: Mr. Jackman, Norman Beal, Gray McWilliams, Leonard Connelly, Tom Shipley, Jody Grimshaw, Mr. Leach, Coach.



Senior Basketball

Front Row: Ron Veitch, Wally Ducharme, Ken Coulter, Kevin Sloan, Tom Lanier, Phil McMichael.

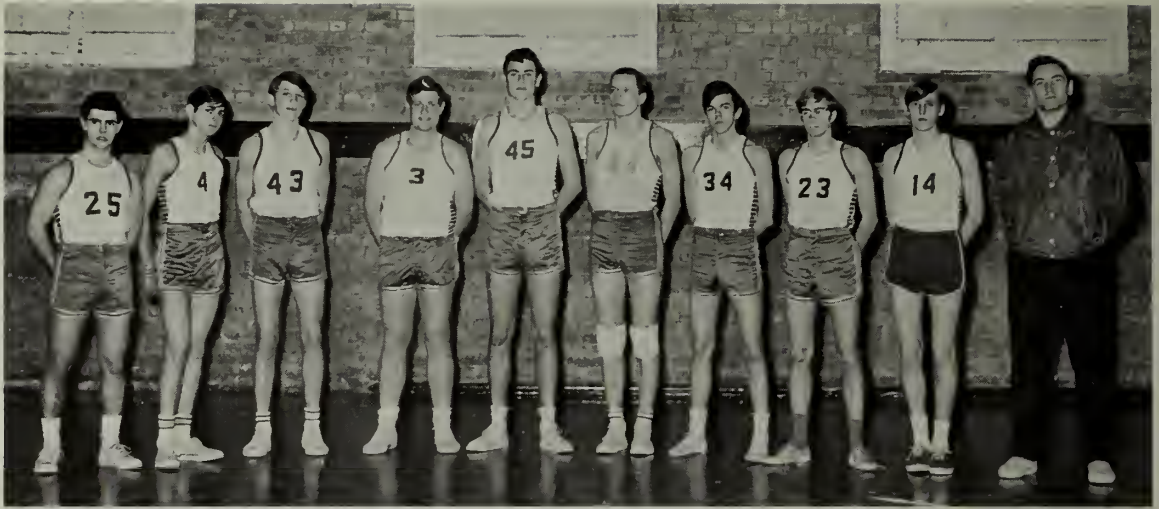
Second Row: Mr. Mucy, Coach, Bruce MacNeil, Gord Downey, Ed Rynard, Peter Vasoff, Brian Labbett, Eric Ferguson, Mr. Beer.

Senior Basketball

The team this year is a great deal stronger and has more spirit than last year. There is a lot of potential on the squad this season. To begin with we have a good nucleus of former senior players in Peter Allan, Ken Coulter, Ron Veitch, Rob Small and Rod Young. Also, we have picked up needed strength in Pete Kelsick, Doug MacLeod, Jim Brown, and Tom Lanier. I am confident that we will have a winning season and a good shot at the Georgian Bay Championship.

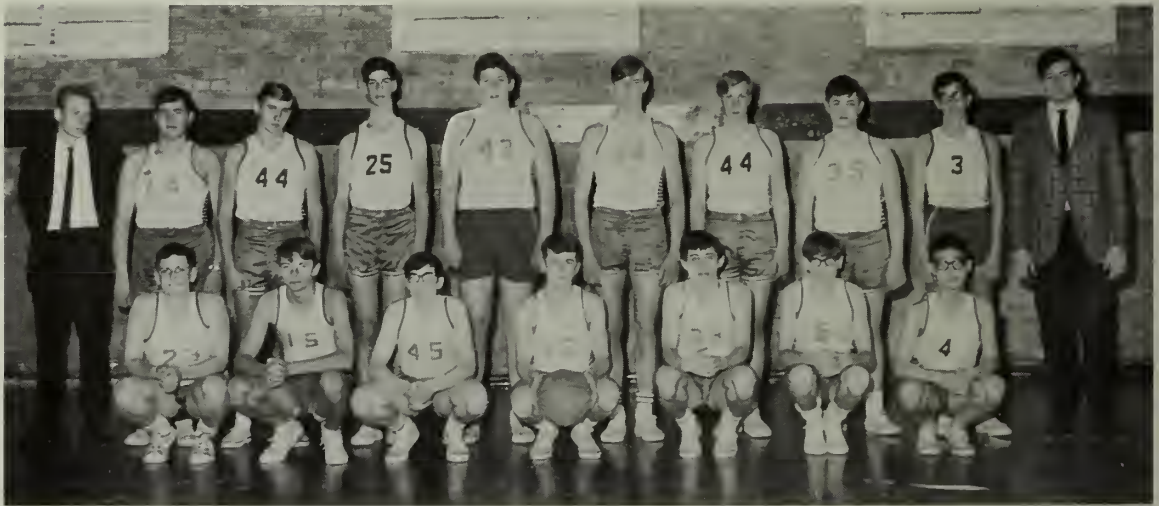
Our first game against Aurora, even though it was a loss showed that we do possess a good deal of talent and after a little more practice the team will improve greatly and we can begin our winning season.

Ron Veitch



Second Basketball

Dan Davis, Steve Reindorf, Chuck Barton, Paul Weisberg, Brian Worrall, Peter Vasoff, John McCammon, Gary Foord, Tom Murphy, Mr. Jefferson, Coach.



Third Basketball

Front Row: Fred Stonehouse, John Riffel, David Cornell, Mike Dawson, Paul Bennett, John McClintock, Frank Yang.

Second Row: Mr. Devantier, Coach, Frank Anderson, Peter Upton, Bill Kostman, Phil Allan, Bill Kenny, Alan Critchley, Stew MacDonald, Dan Cohen, Tony Donaldson.



Senior Hockey Team

Front Row: Rob Grant, Phil McMichael, David Hutchins, Bruce Morgan, David Veale, Kevin Sloan, Bob McBean.

Second Row: Mr. Forhan, Coach, Tyler Levitt, Jim Wright, Peter Jack, Malcolm McNeil, Brian Labbett, Bruce MacNeil, John Vanstone, H.M. Beer.

Senior Hockey

This year the senior hockey team had an unsuccessful season. Although the team played more games than in previous years, it managed to win only two. Effort and enthusiasm were never lacking and evened many matches against more experienced teams who lacked these assets. The triumph of the year was the shutout of goalie Bruce Morgan, which was his first in six years at Pickering.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr. Forhan for his time, effort, and patience. If the improvement of the team as the season progressed was any indication, the senior hockey team next year will be stronger than ever.

Kevin Sloan



Intermediate Hockey

Front Row: Mike Hanley, Bob Milne, Wally Ducharme, Bruce Cadman, Paul Mendelson, Rob Renouf, Sam Charters, Greg Dopulous, John Pickering.

Second Row: Mr. McLaren, John Jensen, Bob Hogarth, Boyd Acheson, Peter Hiscox, Tim Syers, Manfred Rohr.

Intermediate Hockey

The Intermediate Hockey team, although not having the most successful of seasons, had a very enjoyable time. Mr McLaren enjoyed the total cooperation of the boys. This and his fine coaching combined to produce a squad which, although lacking in experience, was a greater force than even the most optimistic could have anticipated at the beginning of the season. Our deepest thanks to coach McLaren for his time and effort.

John Pickering



Junior Hockey

Front Row: Steve Younker, Brad Brown, Guy McLaughlin, Gary Crawford, Rod Lawson, John Casserly, Chris Elton, Fraser Smith, Mr. French, Coach.

Second Row: Chris Jarvis, Doug McKenzie, Pepe Rossillo, Jon Savan, Nixon Apple, Peter Perlaky, John Shemilt, Peter Ampleford.

Junior Hockey

This year's third Hockey Team was much improved over the past years' teams. During the season of eight games, we won 3, lost 4 and tied 1. Our greatest endeavor was losing to Lakefield 9-1 and later coming back to beat them 6-1. We extend our thanks to our coach Jim French who devoted his time to come and skate with us three times a week. We also extend our thanks to our manager Steve Younker.

Gary Crawford

Thirty-seven



Prep Hockey

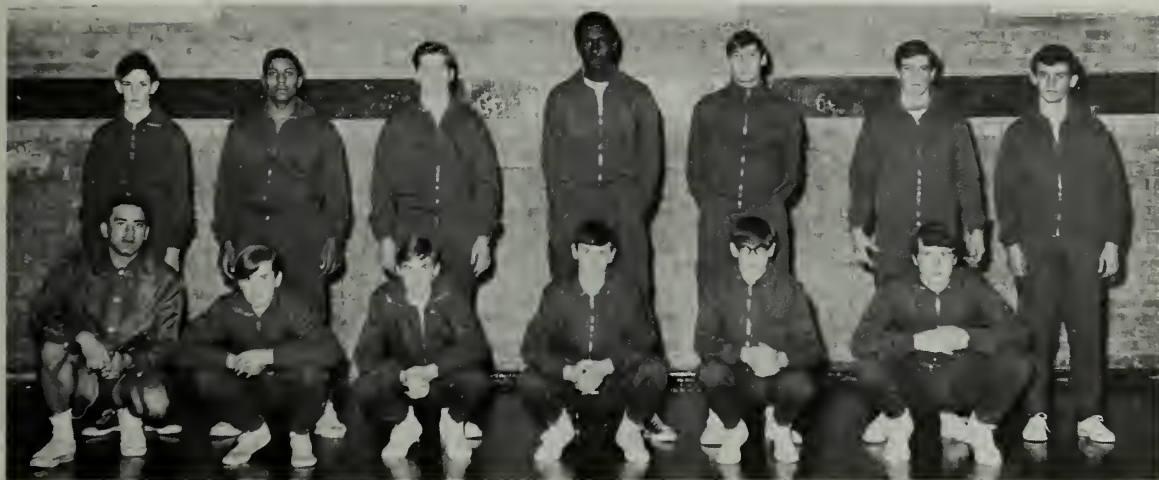
Front Row: Dave Pottruff, Scott Hammond, Terry Fish, Leonard Connelly, Hugh Lockhart, Norman Beal, Jody Grimshaw.

Second Row: Mr. Wright, Coach, Tom Shipley, Gary Peterson, Simon Fraser, Bill Packham, Richard Zakoor, Bob Spadafora, Jim Lush, Mr. Peet, Coach, Mr. Jackman.

Prep Hockey

The 67-68 Prep Hockey team under the coaching of Mr. Peet and Mr. Wright had a fairly successful season. While playing and practising, the players gave both effort and desire.

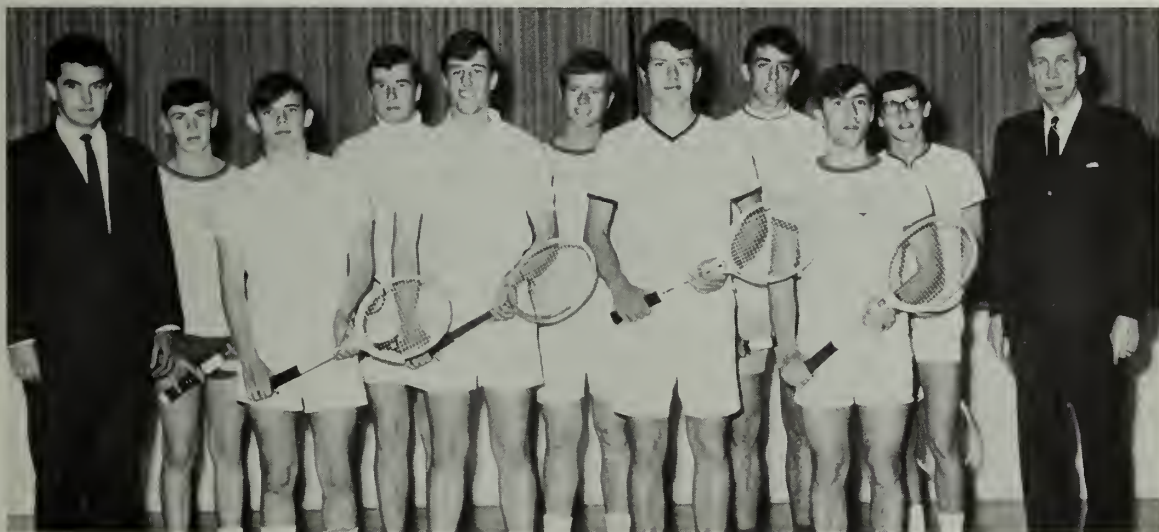
Thirty-eight



Conditioning Club

Front Row: Mr. Menard, Daryl Gurvey, Lorne Hooper, Dane Burton, John McClintock, Bill Gower.

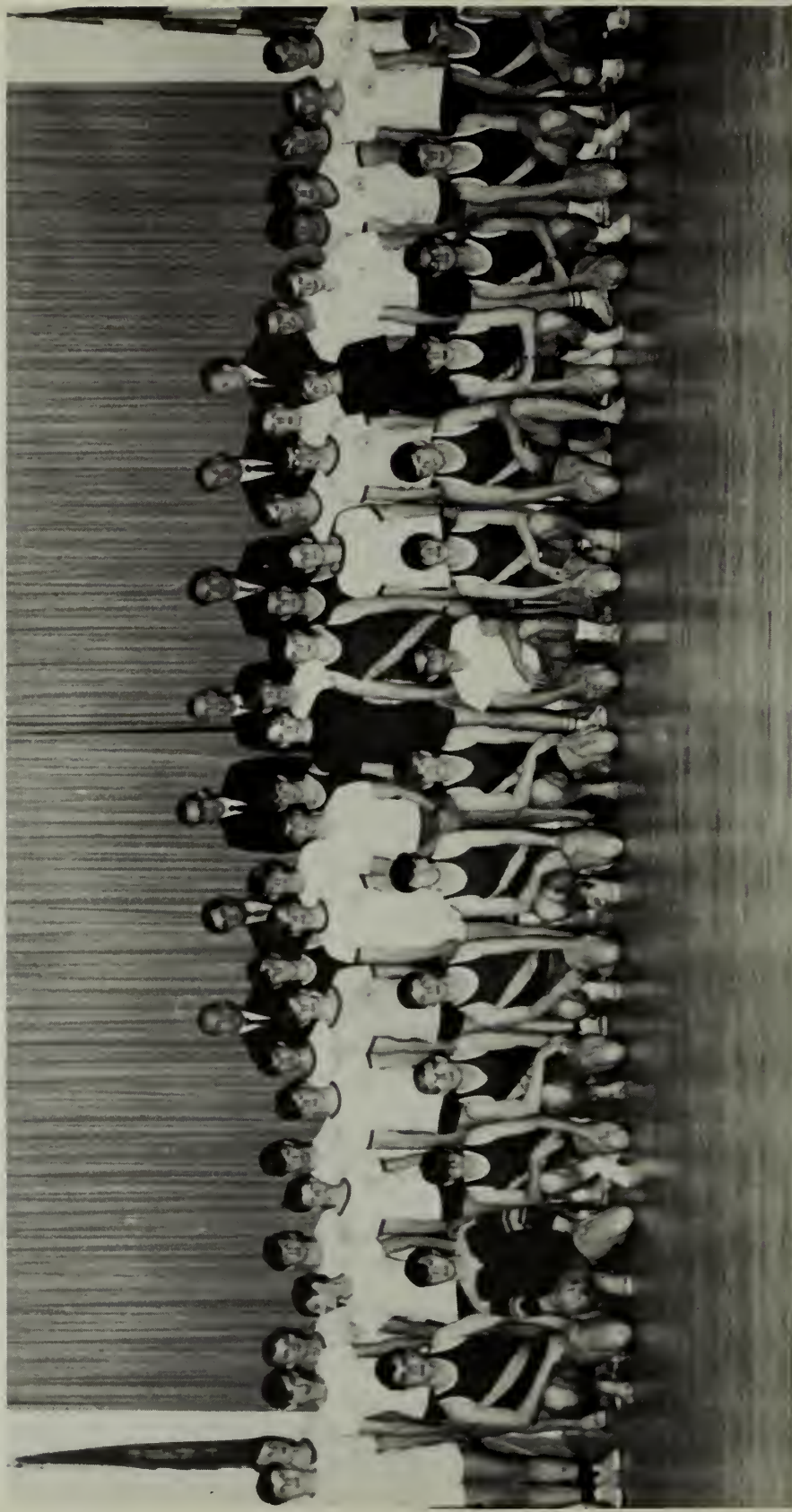
Second Row: Ralph Olive, Derek Houghton, Gordon Downey, John Winter, Mike Kay, Andy Fasken, Richard Walker.



Tennis

Front Row: Rich Smith, John Foss, Bruce Lane, Rob Renouf,

Second Row: Mr. Leightell, Coach, Dane Burton, John Jensen, John Vanstone, Bruce Cadman, Jerry King, Mr. Beer.



Track and Field Team

SPORTS' DAY SCORES--1968

	Red	Blue	Silver	Gold
Day	491	404	428	420
Year	739	723	715	745
TOTAL	1230	1127	1143	1165

EVENT AND RECORD	ORDER OF FINISH	TIME OR DISTANCE
Sr. Shot 46' 11½"	Small, McLeod, Veale, Syer	40' 1½"
Sr. Hurdles 15.7"	LePage, Keenan, Worrall, Coulter	16'-6½"
Sr. 880 2:05.5	Allan, Walker, McBean, Young	2:08.2
Sr. High 5'-10½"	Wright, Young, Allan	5'-1½"
Sr. 100 10.1	McLeod, Lewis, Reid. Bourke, Sloan, Morgan, Weisberg LePage, Wright, Hutchins, Coulter Dopulos, Small, Keenan, McBean	12.3 11.6 11.5 10.4
Sr. Broad 20'-11¼"	Allan, Worrall, Keenan, Pickering	18'-6"
Sr. 220 23.2	McLeod, Lewis, Weisberg, Reid Allan, Hutchins, Bourke, Pickering Dopulos, Small, Keenan, Worrall	32.2 24.8 22.8*
Sr. Javelin 159'-2½"	LePage, Small, Young, Dopulos	124'
Sr. 440 Relay 46.2	Blue, Silver, Red, Gold	50.0
Inter. Javelin 147'-6"	Hanley, Burton, Gamble, Critchley	124'-1"
Inter. Hurdles 15.0	Hogarth, Cadman, Lanier, Jensen	17.3
Inter. 440 55.5	Houghton, Hogarth, King	62.4
Inter. Broad 20'-4¾"	Hogarth, Hanley, Hiscox, Ampleford	18'-3"

Inter. 100		
10.6	Gorman, Cornell, Harwood	13.8
	Cadman, Lane, Jensen, King	12.4
	Burton, Hiscox, Critchley, Hooper	11.9
	Hanley, Lanier, Bennett, Milne	11.8
Inter. High		
5'-3¾"	Labbett, Lanier, Mendelson, Cadman	5.0'
Inter. 220		
23.8	Gorman, Cornell, Harwood	31.3
	Lanier, King, Hooper	27.5
	Burton, Critchley, Hiscox, Reynolds	26.5
	Ampleford, Mendelson, Hanley, Langille	24.8
Inter. 440		
Relay 47.7	Silver, Gold, Red, Blue	52.2
Jr. Broad		
18'-8"	Savan, Jarvis, Crawford, Barton	17'-2½"
Jr. Hurdles		
16.3	Elton, Kinnear, Dingwall	22.0
	Riffel, Macintosh, Anderson	19.5
	Gower, McClintock, Lawson	19.4
	Barton, Apple	18.4
Jr. 440		
57.4	Jack, Barton, Shemilt, Apple	58.35
Jr. Discus		
98'-9"	Henderson, Downey, Savan, MacDonald	81'-11"
Jr. 60		
7.0	Kostman, Stonehouse, Elton, Allan	8.0
	Rosillo, Olive, Waterous, Kinnear	7.6
	Macintosh, Brown, Downey, Dingwall	7.6
	Smith, Savan, Perlaky, Ducharme	7.4
	Dawson, Rohr, Jarvis, Kenny	7.1
	Crawford, Jack, McKenzie, Charters	7.1
Jr. 100		
11.0	Stonehouse, Allan, Beattie, Cohen	13.6
	Smith, Olive, Kostman, Waterous	12.2
	Jarvis, McLaughlin, Brown, MacDonald	12.1
	Lawson, Casserly, Donaldson	12.8
	Rohr, Vasoff, Fasken, Perlaky	12.0
	Crawford, McKenzie, Charters, Yang	11.2
Jr. Shot		
47'-½"	Vasoff, Downey, Henderson, Fasken	41'-3"

Jr. 440		
Relay 50.1	Red, Blue, Silver, Gold	51.0
Midget High Jump 5'-0''	Hammond, Lush, McCartney, Packham	4'-11½''
Midget Hurdles Relay 33.6	Silver, Blue, Red, Gold	37.4
Midget 50 6.2	Beal, Pottruff, Zakoor, Grimshaw Rudd, Fraser, McCartney, Peterson, Lush, Shipley, Packham	6.8 6.2* 6.3 *Tie Record
Midget Shot 39'-1½''	Peterson, Lush, Hammond, Packham	40'-8''* *Record
Midget 75 8.7	Fraser, Beal, Zakoor, Pottruff Rudd, McCartney, Grimshaw, Deleuze Peterson, Shipley, Packham, Lush	9.2 8.8 8.6* *Record
Midget 440 Relay 54.9	Silver, Gold, Red, Blue	52.0* *Record
Bantam Softball Throw 216'	Spork, Moses, Kline, Fasken	165'-0''
Bantam Hurdles	Kline, Diamond, Penturn Moses, Fasken, Spork	7.0 6.4
Bantam 40 5.2	Moses, Fasken, Spork	5.8
Bantam 60 7.8	Diamond, Penturn, Kline Moses, Fasken, Spork	9.0 8.0
Bantam Broad 16'-5''	Spork, Moses, Fasken, Kline	13'-5''
Open Mile 4:47.0	Barton, McBean, Lawson, Lush	5:36.6



Thirty Club

Front Row: John Vanstone, Hectar Arias, Kevin Sloan, John Pickering, Jim French, Bob McBean.

Second Row: Doug McLeod, David Hutchins, Bruce Morgan, Monty Bourke, Rob Grant, Ron Veitch, Mr. Jewell.

Thirty Club

This was a good year for our club. We began in October with very few old members but the many new members soon learned the workings of our club and they all took an active part throughout the year.

We were very fortunate this year because we had a great many excellent speakers, Dr. Ron Hons, an Old Boy, Mr. J. Kudelka who spoke on Ethiopia, and Mr. Armstrong a realtor from Newmarket as well as our Dr. Jackson our perennial guest speaker. These are just a few of the many interesting meetings we had this year. The club also went to the O'Keefe Centre to see the Broadway musical "Cabaret". Our meetings came to an end with our final banquet in May after which we enjoyed the movie "Lord Jim".

The club would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Jewell for his help which we could not have done without.

R. Veitch



Rooters' Club

Front Row: Eric Ferguson, Jan Devantier, Rich Walker, Jim Lewis, Bob Reid, David LePage.

Second Row: Steve Seath, Jim Gamble, Mike Pete, Rod Young, Duncan Walker.

Third Row: Mr. McLaren, Gord Keenan, Paul Hunter.

The Rooters' Club

As usual, the Rooters' Club proved to be the best club on campus in all respects this year. We were privileged to have the presence of Mr. David Jefferson in our club who aided us in discovering more about electronics. He conducted three meetings when members worked on individual electronic projects. Mr. Keith McLaren directed the club's activities and gave three lectures: - "Polarization", "Geology of the Canadian Prairies", and "Topology". Louis LePage, our secretary deserves a great deal of credit for organizing the caterers and the final banquet. Some of our speakers came from inside the club; Rod Young explained the "Manufacture of Flateboard", while in another meeting Paul Hunter described "Hot Rods"; other speakers included Mr. R. Dixon who gave a lecture on "Forestry". Throughout the year we saw a number of movies on such varied subjects as, "Expo", "Kitimat", "Lubricants" and "About Time". The final banquet concluded the year's meetings with Mr. F. Richardson as guest speaker. Mr. Richardson discussed "Anecdotes in the History of Chemistry". The years activities came to a close with a tour of the British American Oil Refinery at Clarkson.

Eric Ferguson



Polikon Club

Front Row: Bob Milne, Dan Cohen, Rob Renouf, Doug Langille, Richard Smith, Paul Bennett.

Second Row: Chris Rogers, Mike Hanley, Alan Critchley, John Shemilt, Dr. Purdy.

Third Row: Chuck Barton, Nixon Apple, Rob Small.

Fourth Row: John Jensen, Malcolm MacNeil.

Polikon Club

The Polikon Club this year had to start from scratch and, I feel, succeeded in putting together a well run club.

The fearless orators of Pickering College covered a wide range of topics in the debates for this past year. Controversial subjects have ranged from Canada and Trudeau, Communism and Imperialism to sex and the single woman.

A worthy note to the caterers for their good work during the last term.

At the present time I give a special thanks from all members to Dr. J.D. Purdy for all his help in keeping the club well run this year as well as in the past.
Malcolm MacNeil

Curling Club

The Curling Club was sponsored this year by Eric Ferguson along with the occasional supervision of Mr. Jewell.

This was the first year that Pickering entered inter-school competition. We played three games against Huron Heights Sunday School and one against St. Andrew's College. Those games with Huron Heights were won by Pickering's two main teams consisting of Gord Schlegel, Brian Reynolds, Pat McNally, Craig Smith, Bruce Cadman, Steve Seath, Monty Bourke, and Paul Hunter. Our game with St. Andrew's was won by the opposition.

It was a good year for curling and our only near-casualties occurred when Charlie Henderson slipped on a rock and broke his thumb, and when Chris Rogers nearly wrenched his back trying to lift a rock. We owe our success to the patience and enthusiasm of our sponsor, Eric Ferguson.

Brian Reynolds



Agatha Christie's – Ten Little Indians

A BASIS FOR CRITICISM

Reading literary and theatrical reviews in our major publications can prove to be a real treat. Many times the critic rambles on about everything but the issue at hand. The question would seem to be, simply, whether a theatrical production or new novel is fun, worth reading, enjoyable in any way. It is not that easy.

We learn because we compare. Now comes the task of comparing our endeavor to others, to a standard, and to our own highly unrealistic aspirations. We shall discuss our play using the five following (and rather vague) major headings, Audience, Plot, Characters (and actors), Dialogue, and Setting.

Audience:—People want emotion and action. Characterization is incidental to the immature theatre-going audience. They look for contrast. Our two groups were quite different if for no other reason than pure age. Friday evening's performance was certainly more alive. They followed the dialogue, paid attention to their friends' words and occasional blundered gestures or silly lines.

Plot:—We are told that a good play is more compact, better unified than most good novels. This is not the case with Agatha Christie who has the singular ability of being totally unaware of the difficulties of performing a baseless play. The very idea of suspense carried our production, Agatha Christie helped us not at all as actors.

Characters and Actors:—Here we come upon the part of the critique which interests us more because it talks about us. A novelist creates characters without reference to the difficulty of representing them on stage. The director must find a suitable actor for each part. In this respect we were fortunate. Characters must be types, we must have (and did have) contrast. The roles of Miss Emily Brent, Vern Claythorne, Justice Wargrave, William Blore, in fact all the players were able



to portray their personality successfully. Perhaps their dramatic ability came out best in filling in great gaps of lost (or never learned) dialogue. Miss Brent and Justice Wargrave were especially good in capturing mood in their respective scenes. This is not to say that the other actors failed, rather that by definition their roles were like back-drops to outline the sharp events. Miss Claythorne and Lombard worked well together in their long and often difficult chore of holding all the diverse scenes and actions in compactness.

To be fair to all players as they justifiably deserve, we must pay tribute to their growth. There was not one actor who did not improve one hundred percent as the rehearsals drew to a close. We regret the lack of time devoted to drama which would have made an otherwise good performance excellent. As well, it would have been fun to permit each player the chance to exchange roles. By the time the play went on stage, each person had learned all the others' parts.

Dialogue:—Perhaps this is the easiest to criticize since it was unbelievably bad. Agatha Christie has no sense of the difficulty of carrying off such choice lines as MacKenzie's "Pity, When?" or Miss Brent's, "I'm proud to say, I broke her down utterly!" In this respect, our players did beautifully. Their personalities came out well.

Setting:—If not upper-middle class England, the set was most certainly op or mod. Who will forget the orange doors (that swung open at the most inopportune moments), or the sun lit sky at twelve o'clock at night?

Conclusion:—It was **not** my play, but your play. We need a great deal more drama so that our actors get the credit they deserve for the vast amount of time and patience involved. As the adage goes, "You think it's so easy, try it!" We hope just such an opportunity will come about. It was fun to work with them all.

Robert Manion



A Festival of One Act Plays





The Drama Society Of Pickering College

Pickering College's second plunge into the world of drama proved to be even more successful than its unique interpretation of Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Indians", the fall term production. Instead of the traditional spring musical the directors, wishing to dispel any rumours that the school felt any malevolence towards Gilbert and Sullivan in particular and the music world in general, decided that three one act plays would prove that musicals were not their only forte.

The Black Box was a play from the theatre of the absurd. To attempt an interpretation would be presumptuous because plays of this nature have innumerable interpretations, each one dependent upon the interpreter and those aspects of the play which have particular meaning for him personally.

Arnold, a man of no particular character is confronted by a large box. He is fascinated by it because it seems to be alive, indeed it is to the extent that it proceeds to carry on a conversation with him. The Box, played by P. Weisberg urges Arnold, played by B. Worrall, to have a look inside the lid. Curiosity gets the better of Arnold and he agrees. He must pay for the privilege though, and by a series of clever manoeuvres the Box manages to relieve Arnold of his hat, shoes, wallet, and jacket. Reaching deep into the Box in an attempt to retrieve his things, Arnold slips and falls into the mouth of the Box. With a burp of satisfaction, the Box awaits his next victim.

(Cont'd on page fifty-two)

A Street In The Rain

The corner street light flickered feebly. The slightly gusty wind splattered the drizzle against the window where I sat, staring up the street. Suddenly a large figure sauntered carelessly around the corner, towards out house. Whoever the figure was, it was getting closer and seemed to be heading straight at me. It was soon close enough for me to see the drizzle dance rapidly on his hat and shoulders. I watched him closely. Suddenly he stopped. He looked straight up at me with glaring eyes. His face was dripping wet. Again he began to walk but he did not continue walking down the road, instead he turned up the sidewalk to the house and his step quickened. He went out of sight below me. I froze, panic stricken. I waited and listened. The silence broke suddenly with the piercing note of the doorbell.

I stuck the nail file, sitting on the table, in my pocket, perhaps for security. I knew if he were a burglar, it would be of no use. I took a deep breath and began to go down the stairs. Again the door bell rang. The sound hung in the air. I continued towards the door. I opened it partly, "What do you want?" I said, peeking out. He said nothing. His hand slid into his coat pocket. I went numb; everything stopped. "Do you know where 537 Springfield Crescent is?" he mumbled slowly. "Ohh—uh—yes. It is just around the corner down the hill about two houses to the right," said I, with great relief. I closed the door, returned to my room, sat on the chair, then got up and closed the drapes.

(The Drama Society of Pickering College cont'd)

"Not Enough Rope" by Elaine May was the third play of Pickering's Festival of One Act Plays. It was the story of a young girl in a large city who attempts suicide and the indifference of those people around her when she discloses to them her plans. Alison Allan as Edith the girl and Joe Harwood who played Claude, Edith's neighbour managed to keep the pace of the play steady and the humour plentiful despite technical difficulties which occurred during the production. Chris Rogers, as Mrs. Rogers the invalided elderly woman who waited impatiently for death, brought the most laughter thanks to Mr. Leach's makeup, masterpiece and Chris' obvious experience with women of the type of Mrs. Pierce. The play proved to be as successful as the two preceding plays and was worthy of the time and effort expended by the actors and Mr. Leach, their director.

Theatre of the absurd is a new and rapidly growing form of the dramatic arts. Sometimes viewed by the unsophisticated theatre goer in the same light as the unimaginative view abstract art, new writings have been slow to gain acceptance with the public. More and more, however, as audiences become familiar with these writings, this art form has taken on an important role in modern theatre. The recent success of such playwrights as Edward Albee is indicative of a change in the hitherto traditional attitudes of people. No longer is the purpose of the theatre merely to entertain, but also to educate, to promote social reform, to shock and sometimes irritate, and primarily and ultimately to provoke thought.

A Biography Of Us

*We walked alone down the lonely road,
Just we two.
Tittering about nothing,
Which was something to us
When we sat down, by the wayside to think
The thoughts that filled our minds
Were of the future,
of the joy,
of family,
of sorrows shared together.
I hugged her close to shield her
from the wind which somehow,
Swirled around us trying to break us two apart.
But I clasped her to my heart
As a mother to her babe, freshly born,
And very dear.
Again we strolled, and danced
and talked,
When the deep dreadful hum of
a car was heard along that road.
Two specks of lightning pierced the darkness,
Pierced as reality pierces dreams.
I stopped pulling her to me.
I felt my heartbeat coursing through my breast.
I looked down to her by the moonlight
Just to realize of course,
there was no one there.*

Joe Harwood—

Method Of The Vanquished

*The system of order
The system of patterns
Too many satisfied regulated minds.
Turn the dial for joy.
The establishment of plastic character
Suffocated in a vacuum of thought
In a kingdom where text is monarch.
Miniscule matter magnified one thousand times.
But no need to fear my brethren
No need to look around.
Just keep walking down the narrow trail
And you'll soon know what you've found.
You are ready now, mature and well moulded,
All around you, too late; the system has enfolded.*

John Proctor—

Seen From The Air

Aboard our bomber there was stiffness in the air as if it were a place of sure death. We had been hit badly in the flack and the pilot was now preparing to give the order to bail out. Immediately the new recruits aboard the ship froze with panic. I knew; I was a new recruit. My first mission and we had to bail out ten thousand feet above the earth. Nothing could be seen out the open door but the misty formation of white clouds, and black smoke from our two right engines. Again the order of the pilot's voice echoed through the plane, "Bail out." The crew was thinning. Most of the men had jumped and my turn was coming up. I breathed deeply and stepped to the door. I looked out for seconds, held my breath and jumped into space. My stomach turned over and over like a washing machine. I counted to myself . . . seven, eight, nine, ten. I pulled the rip cord.

The split second from that time until the time the parachute jolts you back is the most fearful moment of all. Your mind asks a million times in that split second, "Did it open?" Now I gazed below. The butterflies had eased off somewhat. A new fantasy came over me. I felt free . . . exhilarated. I felt as if I were on a ferris wheel so high it climbed to the clouds and now it was taking me down again. Once more I looked down. This time I could see the ground clearly. Faint shadows scurried below. I thought perhaps it was part of the crew that jumped before me, but then I noticed the different uniforms.

Those men were army boys although if I recall, looking at the map during our briefing, there were not any of our men posted out here. An excruciating thought passed through my mind. A glance below verified it. This was Germany, and those men were . . . GERMANS!

The Closing Dinner

Speakers at our Closing Dinner on May 30th included Mr. N.A. Beach, Executive Secretary of the Ontario Federation of School Athletic Associations, who presented our Senior Colours, and Dr. B.W. Jackson, an Old Boy and former member of the staff, who is now Professor of English at McMaster University. Dr. Jackson's thoughtful and entertaining address is printed in this issue of the *Voyageur*. Other guests included Mr. C.R. Blackstock, formerly of our staff, who is now Executive Director of the Canadian Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, and Mr. Allan D. Rogers, Secretary-Treasurer of the Board of Management, a graduate of our school.

Our guests of honour were Dr. and Mrs. George Case to whom the Headmaster presented an oak table decorated with the school crest. Mr. Rogers presented the Rogers Cane to Bob Spadafora of Firth House. The Widdrington Awards, symbolic of notable contribution to the life of our community, were given by Dr. Jackson to Greg Dopulos, Malcolm MacNeil and Kevin Sloan. The Garratt Cane, our school's greatest honour, awarded by the members of the graduating class to the student who best exemplifies the ideals of Pickering College, was presented by the Headmaster to Kevin Sloan.

The Closing Dinner



The Closing Dinner Address by Dr. B.W. Jackson

This is the final banquet which officially closes the school year. During a tribal rite such as this it is traditional for those of you who are graduating to listen with every appearance of attentiveness to some slightly decrepit specimen of your kind while he doles out some good advice. It is also traditional for those who are not graduating to sit patiently with nothing to cheer you except the not very optimistic hope that when your turn comes the speaker may be something of an improvement.

I am therefore assuming that all of you in this room below the age of twenty are expecting me to tell you just how to lead useful, happy and successful lives. Those of you who are simply wondering how long I am going to talk are guilty of a depressing lack of high-mindedness and seriousness: an attitude which you should leave to your elders.

Of course I can't tell you how to lead useful, happy and successful lives. Nobody can. There are no uniform standards for usefulness, happiness, and success. In these things, as in so many others, each man is his own mystery.

However, one of the compensations for growing older is the illusion that, if one can't have wisdom oneself, one can at least produce wisdom in the young by offering them advice. This, of course, explains why one of the most popular pastimes of middle-age is that of counselling the young. Now I don't mean to suggest that you should treat lightly this counsel, this advice, from your elders. The only man who has the right to be facetious about such advice is the man who is giving it. He has paid for that right with the toll of years. For you to assume that you have the right to treat it lightly while you are young constitutes the venial sin of impudence. It may be that the advice is no good - indeed, the chances are about ninety percent in that direction - but you can't possibly know that, until you've paid the price for knowing it by growing old. In the meantime, consider it carefully; it may save you some of the high cost of knowledge. You will notice that I say you should consider it carefully. I don't say that you ought to follow the advice.

There are two reasons for listening to the advice of your elders. In the first place it is an act of courtesy on your part, and courtesy is one of the very few good things that youth has to offer to its elders. By 'courtesy' I mean kindness, tolerance, and sympathy. You will find that your elders are quite prepared to mistake these generousities for respect. I refer simply to the sort of attitude on your part that indicates that you realize that your elders are already well battered by the struggle, while you - eager though you may be to get at it - are still relatively undamaged. It may be that you believe that you can do a better job than your elders have done. I hope you do believe that. Indeed, I hope you can do a better job. But unless you're exceedingly arrogant, insensitive, unimaginative and thoroughly disagreeable young people, you will at least give them credit for doing their best. After all, that's the most you yourselves will be able to do. Your elders are simply older versions of yourselves; you may deplore their mistakes, but to disparage their motives is not only to be discourteous, it is to disparage your own.

Despite all the nonsense that's talked these days about teen-agers, as if they were a separate race, most of you, I think, come to the point where - sensible people that you are - you refuse to accept the gratuitous insults of advertisers and others who attempt to exploit the young by implying that you have to be catered to, pampered and - dreadful word - 'understood', like some breed of freaks. Most of you, I believe, realize that you are of the same stuff as your forefathers; that, like any generation, you are simply a middle link: the progenitors of your parents' grandchildren, as your children will give you grandchildren. Most of you realize that the worries which are your parents' worries to-day will be yours to-morrow, that you can no more escape that destiny alive than you can deny your name. In short, most of you realize that you are not a race apart but simply water in the same stream, for the moment a little nearer to the spring, a little further from the sea.

Besides, courtesy is not mere outward show of manners, but a habit of heart and mind denoting excellence. It is, I believe, the only truly democratic attitude, because it recognizes in word and deed the brotherhood between man and man. It recognizes the kinship between generations, between father and son, between mother and daughter. The young man without courtesy is an oaf. The young woman without courtesy is a shrew, or worse. Beware her! The old without courtesy are unspeakable.

There is a second reason for listening to the advice of your elders. Since we have lived a good deal longer than you have, you can be absolutely certain we have made a good many more mistakes. Not that many of us will admit it, but then you can't expect us to. Now and again we will, of course, but usually only when we are feeling sorry for ourselves, or when, by admitting a mistake, we get the feeling of having done something so noble that it makes the mistake seem insignificant by comparison. If this doesn't convince you that your elders are human, and of the same stuff as yourselves, nothing will. How many mistakes have you admitted recently - except for the reasons I have given.

Nevertheless, whether your elders admit their mistakes or not, the advice they give often arises from a consciousness of their own errors and weaknesses, as these things have adversely affected their own chances for usefulness, happiness, and success. Therefore, if you're very bright, you can read between the lines, and while you will not learn to avoid mistakes, you may learn something about the ways of men in the world - and that is very valuable - but, best of all, you may, if you are very, very bright, learn something about yourself. And that is even more valuable: so valuable, indeed, that it can be called the beginning of knowledge.

And now, being less cynical than I, you will be protesting that all advice does not come from mistakes that you have made. And you are, I admit, quite right. Much of it - probably the best of it - comes from something more positive: from a longer experience than you can possibly yet have had of men and affairs and the way the world wags; and from a longer experience, too, of the business of trying to preserve one's sanity, one's integrity, one's dignity, and one's sense of humour in the general hurly-burly. You listen to an old pro, not because you want to play the game exactly as he does - or did - but because, out of what he can tell you from his experience, you hope to be able to play it your own way, but play it better.

I have spent some time urging you to listen to the advice of your elders, but really you should listen to all advice and criticism - and then make up your own mind about its value. Whether you act upon it or not is a decision that each of you must make according to his own good sense. "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment", was the advice of Polonius to his son in Shakespeare's Hamlet. Polonius was an old fool in many ways, but the wise Shakespeare apparently knew that old fools could on occasions give good advice. With that evidence before you that you must not always judge the value of advice by its source, I shall proceed to give you some of my own.

And what can I say that can conceivably be of any use to you? Nothing, I expect. However, I can at least try to be appropriate to the occasion by assuming that each of you, after he leaves here, will be looking for a job, although I realize that some of you will be held back for a while by doing a stint at some university.

First: in choosing your job, choose something that interests you. In this you apply a different principle from the one you use in school, where it's often a good idea to try a subject that doesn't interest you, just to prove to yourself that you can do it. But in choosing a job, find one that interests you. If you don't know what that may be, try a number, until you come on the one for you.

A word of warning: you must give each job a chance. Remember that you won't get anything more out of it than you put into it. Remember, too, that in every job there's some drudgery. There should also be some satisfaction. You have a right to expect satisfaction; if you don't also expect some drudgery, you're a fool. If you can't find satisfaction in some job, you're hopeless. If you can't take the drudgery that goes with any job, you're bone-lazy. Give the job, and yourself, a chance. But when you have decided what you want to do, do it. And don't take anybody's advice against doing it.

In deciding upon that job there are two considerations that are likely to lead you astray if you do not give them very careful thought in order to decide just how much they mean to you. The first is the attraction of money, and the things that it can buy. The second is an illusion called security.

Money quite naturally attracts the young, just as it attracts the old, and I have no intention of trying to disparage either its attraction or its value. But I want to warn you, at a time when it may be difficult for some of you to see money for exactly what it is, not to overestimate it.

In selecting your job, don't be influenced by how much money you can make, unless you are quite sure that making money is the thing most important to you: the thing above all things that will give you most satisfaction in your work. If it is, then go out and make money as fast as you can, and by any means that your conscience and the law will permit. But examine yourself carefully first because, if you are mistaken in your belief that money and the things that money can buy are what you most want in this world, you will find sooner or later to your sorrow that you have followed one of the more disappointing of the false trails. On the other hand, if you are right, if money and its perquisites are the things you most need to satisfy you, then money is a perfectly legitimate

goal for you, and you will probably be useful, happy and successful as well. However, those who can be satisfied in this way are probably fewer than you suspect.

In choosing your job - I say this quite dogmatically - don't be influenced by the phantom of security. Security should have no place in the plans of the young. Security is one of the foibles of the old - perhaps because they are approaching the only final security there is for man, the one thing he can be certain of when he is born.

Show me the young man who really wants security, and I will show you a man already old. Show me the old man who doesn't worry about security, and I will show you a man still young in heart and mind.

Your youth is a time for adventure, for burning bridges, for putting all your eggs in one basket, for not looking before you leap, for believing that the two birds in the bush may be worth more than the one you hold in your hand, for hoping that enough is not as good as a feast. I recommend to you, then, a certain scepticism about such snippets of proverbial wisdom. I am not, of course, advocating a foolhardy recklessness, or the febrile and idiotic quest for excitement for its own sake, but rather the manly willingness to take your chances for what you want and what you believe in.

I have suggested that you will want a job that gives you some satisfaction. How is that to be defined. It is, of course, a personal thing, and will differ with individuals, but, leaving money aside for a moment, and ignoring the thought of security altogether, ask yourself these questions. Will I care about whether my job is a useful one, about whether it contributes something to the well-being of others? Will I care whether my job is of the sort that I can make bigger, and along with which I can myself grow and develop? Will I want my job to be the kind for which I am over-paid, or the kind for which I can't possibly be paid enough? Will I want my job to be the kind that will be finished at a certain hour each day, or the kind that will be finished only when I know that it is finished? Will I want my job to be the sort that will put a strain on my powers even when developed to their fullest, or the kind that I can do at half-throttle? Will I want to be my own judge and critic, or will I want to leave those exacting tasks to someone else? Will I want my job to be the most important thing in my life, or will I prefer that it should be simply the necessity by which I stay alive and support my wife and family?

There are no absolute general answers to those questions for everyone alike, but in the answers which each man gives to them for himself will lie his definition of satisfaction in a job.

But some of you will be thinking of attending a University before taking a job, and you may be wondering where the universities fit into all this. Perhaps, then, since I work at a university, I should try to say something about who should go to a university, and what he may expect to find there.

To put the matter in its simplest terms: there are those who are content to believe that two plus two makes four. They go ahead and use the knowledge

without worrying about its origins or doubting its validity. There are others who doubt that two plus two makes four, or at least want to know why it should be so. For the former a university is not essential; for the latter a university is essential.

That is an over-simplification, but if it has suggested that men are of different kinds, and that the University is designed to serve an essential need of one kind of man, and not the essential needs of all kinds of men - if it has suggested that, then the over-simplification is justified.

Let me explain. Take four men: three of them are not university material; the fourth is. Take four men: one of them may be able to play big league baseball; the other three might just catch places on the office softball team during a flu epidemic. Take four men: one of them may be able to farm 300 acres; the other three will find trouble enough in their small back-gardens. Take four men: one of them may be a wizard with internal combustion engines; three may have just enough mechanical aptitude to change a razor blade. Take four men: one of them may be an expert salesman; three may be incapable of salesmanship. And so on. We are, thank heaven, different from one another in our abilities. A world of university professors, or of baseball players, or of salesmen would be a pretty inefficient world. A world of farmers would be more workable, but lack exhilaration.

We differ in our abilities, but the difference in our abilities is not the difference in our merit. This is what I have been labouring to tell you by means of all those little platoons of four men. It is true that some men are better than others, but the degree of excellence does not depend on what they can do - that is, on their abilities - but rather on how they do it - that is, on their characters.

It must be perfectly clear then that the man who has the ability to go to university is neither better nor worse than the man who has not. He is simply different. Yet, if he has that special ability, he will get from the university certain things - if he gets them at all - which he cannot get anywhere else. The man who does not have that ability will get the equivalent of these things elsewhere - if he gets them at all.

Why, then, should any of you go to university if you do not want to become either university professors, or doctors, or lawyers, or ministers, or teachers or engineers, or something of that sort?

The answer is that some of you shouldn't go, as I have indicated. And you will surely realize by now that, in saying that, I am neither insulting you nor complimenting you, any more than I would be insulting you or complimenting you if I suggested that some of you shouldn't attend the New York Mets training camp this spring, or the Canadian School of the Ballet, or the Royal Conservatory of Music, or the Shaw Business School.

But some of you should attend university, because some of you have that special academic ability which needs university training if you are to find the fulfilment of your potentialities that you will need to obtain satisfaction and happiness in your life, whatever your job.

If you have that ability you will know it. The danger is that more immediate considerations of money, romance, sudden opportunity, lethargy may turn you away from the university. I urge you to examine yourselves strictly on this question. If you think that you have the ability, let nothing stand in the way of your putting it to the test by attending university. If you are wrong, you will at least have learned a valuable lesson about yourself that will save you many recriminations later on. If you are right, you will have taken the best course to acquire your full opportunity for usefulness, satisfaction and happiness in the world.

The empty mind is a terrible thing as middle age approaches. Before it stretch long years of boredom, frustration and indifference. Minds may be filled in many ways, but some minds can best be filled by the cup which the university has to offer. Before you reject that cup, make sure that the thirst you feel is not for what it contains.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

For Churchill the university was not necessary; for Einstein it was. You say to me that you are neither Churchill nor Einstein. I reply that each of you has in him something of the one or the other.







*Rogers Cane:
Mr. Beer, Bob Spadafora, Allan D. Rogers.*



*Widdrington Award:
Mr. Beer, Malcolm MacNeil, Dr. B.W. Jackson, Kevin Sloan,
Greg Dopulos.*



*Intramural Panel:
Mr. Fraser, Robert McBean, Mr. N.A. Beach, Rob Grant, Mr. Menard.*



*Garratt Cane:
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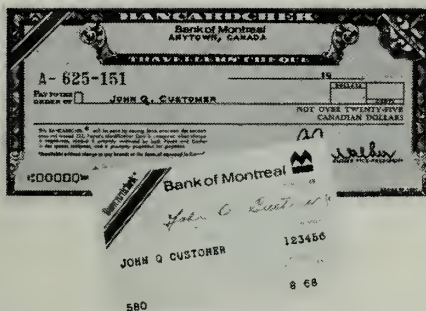
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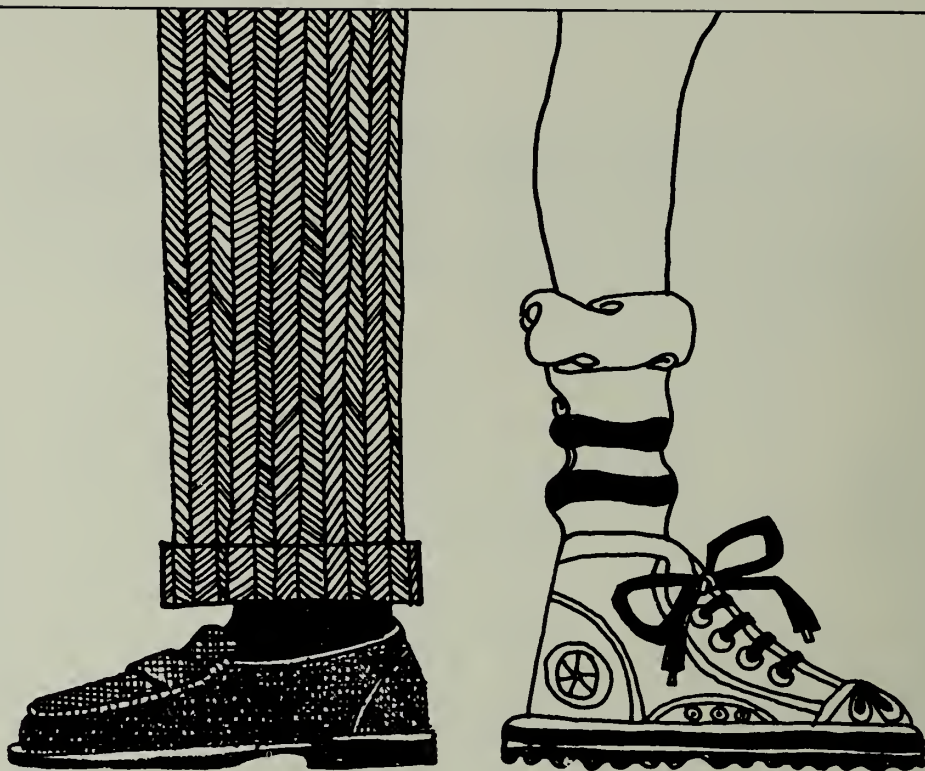
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